



The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:—

"Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, 'Abdallah's dead!'
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears;
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this:
I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie.
It was mine, it is not I.

"Sweet friends! what the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which at last,
Like a bird, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars.

"Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.

'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone.
The shell is broken, it lies there:
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.

'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him: let it lie.
Let the shards be earth once more,
Since the gold is in his store.

"Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends.
Yet ye weep, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss instead,
Lives and loves you. Lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you,
But in the light ye cannot see,
Of undisturbed felicity,—
In a perfect Paradise,
And a life that never dies.

"Farewell, friends! but *not* farewell.
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's worth, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept.
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain:
Sunshine still must follow rain,—
Only not at Death; for Death,
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

"Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above,
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home.
La Allah illa Allah! Yea!
O Love divine, O Love alway!"

He who died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

"Sunday is the golden clasp which binds
together the volume of the week."

—*Longfellow.*

HOMES IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH.

"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."—Eph. iii. 15.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN xiv. 2.

I often meet with those or hear of those who are unhappy because they doubt if they are to see again and know again in another world those whom they love here. I have never had any such doubts or fears myself. What sort of an immortality would it be in which we should forget all we knew in this world? And, if we remember anything, what shall we be more likely to remember than that which makes the most important part of our earthly life? To leave behind and drop off all our present knowledge would not be immortality, but the death of our present character and the creation of another being. The law of life is development, not destruction; unfolding of what we are now into something higher, but not dropping off anything important or leaving it behind.

The apostle tells us that while opinions change, and belief is partial, three things will abide,—Faith, Hope and Love. Faith, which is trust in things unseen, confidence in the infinite, the supreme Good,—this continues through all worlds. Hope, looking forward and upward; aspiration toward the better and the higher; Hope, the spring of progress, the moral power which causes the soul to unfold forever, seeking perpetually a higher good,—this will last through all worlds. But most of all will Love last,—love, which enables us to go out of ourselves and become one with another; love, which is the balance and counterpoise to the loneliness of personal being; love, which mysteriously makes of two souls one. If we did not love others whom we have seen, we could not love God whom we have not seen. Therefore, we may be sure that every genuine affection will abide, and continue the same hereafter as here, and heaven would be no heaven if it destroyed the genuine loves of earth.

I have often noticed that as men grow feeble with age, or draw near to death, while the other faculties become weaker, the affections survive. Memory goes, the power of thought goes,—the strong thinker becomes a child again in his mental processes; the man of energy and will loses his power, his courage: but Love abides. The affections outlast reason, judgment, memory, imagination. A sweetness of ever growing love draws the dying man nearer to his dear ones. He loves to hold their hands in his, to look into their eyes when he can no longer speak, with a great effort to say, "I love you." His

last word, last thought, last look, last touch, is a word, thought, look, touch of love. Does not this show that these affections are to survive death?

When Jesus was about to die, we read that, having loved his own, he loved them even to the end. He gave his last hours and thoughts to these humble friends, to this family of those most dear to his human heart. For a few hours he dropped the care for his nation, which he loved so much, of the coming kingdom so dear to him, the truth for which he was about to die, and devoted himself to consoling this group of affectionate but ignorant followers. Weak as water, they would soon all forsake him and fly. No matter: he had seen in their souls the seed of an enduring goodness and greatness, and he gave his last hours to care for them. He told them that among the many mansions of his Father's house he was going to prepare a place for them, that where he was they might also be. Think of this, ye doubting, timid hearers, who fear you will be left behind by those you love in the great progress of heavenly life, afraid that you will not be good enough to accompany the friends so dear to you into a higher world. Were the twelve disciples good enough to be with Jesus? Think of the vast gulf which separated their minds and characters from his. But they loved him, and he loved them, and so the gulf was bridged over, and they were to be with him forever.

This shows us what the family in heaven will be. It will not be made up of those who have reached the same level of ascent, but of those of every degree of attainment, who are related to each other by having the same faith, hope, and love. There, as here, there will be those who teach and those who learn; higher and nobler souls descending to help, purify, and sustain weaker hearts; great archangels of intelligence and goodness going down to find the lowliest beings in whom there is a single throb of sincere desire for the beautiful and the true. This divine giving and receiving, blessing and being blessed, will make the home life of heaven.

Nor are we to suppose that the soul hereafter is to be pure spirit, disengaged from all bodily form, going out of time and out of space. The law of continuity does not authorize us to believe in any such sudden leap out of the finite into the infinite, from time to the absence of all time.

All progress is a gradual transition, a gentle ascent, an unfolding of new power. But what an utterly abrupt and inconceivable change would it be to become at once one with the universe, and to pass out of

finite relations! No: when we go on and up, we shall, in all probability, find ourselves simply a step higher, in a new home, surrounded by old and new friends, with new work to do, new knowledge to acquire, new tastes unfolding, and with a new and higher sense of the divine Presence and the divine Love. There are hours in this life in which we draw very near to God, and in which he becomes to us a real Father and Friend. There, these hours may be permanent and continued: Love an unerring light; Joy its own security; the power of temptation gone; every human affection purified and deepened. Those whom we knew and loved here with a pure and honest love we shall know better and understand better, and we shall be better understood by them. The deep secret of Personality will be partially, but more and more revealed. We shall see others as they are. The inward tenderness and longings for good, so feeble here, we shall recognize as the power of God in their souls. The misunderstandings which make such a tragedy in life will be removed; in that heavenly light, we shall know each other better and more truly. The family will be enlarged, no doubt, and will consist not only of those who have known and loved each other here, but of others, who are in the same sympathies and the same hopes. The heavenly family will be more fully developed than that of earth, yet rudimentally the same.

The apostle tells us that the whole family, in heaven and earth, bears the name of Christ. Jesus introduced a new family tie. All who believe in him belong to a larger family here and hereafter, and he belongs to them all. Thus, as earthly society is made up of groups, and not of individuals, so life in heaven will be of groups and families. The family relation may be intensified and brightened there: special families may be made up of kindred souls, of those having special affinity for each other, and these again may resolve themselves into larger family groups, till all unite in that universal family of which Christ is the head,—the family of man. Jesus will never be happy as long as one human soul remains outside of his family circle, as long as any race remains outcast. I think there is something very pathetic in the Jews wandering about the earth, insoluble in other races; among them, but not of them; or in the gypsy tribe wandering in the same way from land to land, without home, religion, language, a lost race seeking apparently all over the earth for their home. But in heaven there will be no lost races, no lost churches, no lost and helpless prodigals. All will be

brought home into their Father's house,—sooner or later, all. For thus stands the sure word of prophecy proclaiming the omnipotence of the love of Christ, the perfect efficacy of his redeeming grace to break every chain of sin. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." "He shall reign till he hath subdued all enemies under his feet." "Every knee shall bow, in the name of Jesus, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." This is the work for Jesus and his angels and saints in heaven; the work in which all the wise and good and pure shall take part with him; the universal redemption of man; a work not to be done in a day or an hour. "In the dispensation of the fulness of times," so we read, "that God our Father might gather together in Christ all things in one, both which are in heaven and are in earth; even in him." "Having made peace through the blood of the cross, through him to reconcile all things unto himself, whether things in earth or things in heaven."—*James Freeman Clarke.*

[For want of space, only a part of this sermon is printed. Any one who desires to have the whole sermon may obtain a copy by addressing Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.]

THE STILL HOUR.

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE.

Hear'st thou, O of little faith,
What to thee the mountain saith,
What is whispered by the trees?—
"Cast on God thy care for these;
Trust Him, if thy sight be dim:
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

"Blind must be their close-shut eyes
Where like night the sunshine lies,
Fiery-linked the self-forged chain
Binding ever sin to pain,
Strong their prison-house of will,
But without He waiteth still.

"Not with hatred's undertow
Doth the Love Eternal flow;
Every chain that spirits wear
Crumbles in the breath of prayer;
And the penitent's desire
Opens every gate of fire.

"Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,
Yearns to reach these souls in prison!
Through all depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of Thy cross!
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound!"

Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream,
Thy sweet laugh in shade and gleam!
On the Indian's grassy tomb
Swing, O flowers, your bells of bloom!
Deep below, as high above,
Sweeps the circle of God's love.

—John G. Whittier.

Be it remembered, this, after all, is the faith of the majority of Christendom, the faith that the communion of the saints still continues after the shock of death. It has antiquity on its side, and, though greatly abused in pre-Reformation days, satisfies such a natural instinct and is such a solace to the bereaved, that it is a pity Protestants everywhere should not be encouraged to return to it forthwith.

If, as it seems likely enough, the disembodied soul feels somewhat bewildered at first in its new environment, as we are told many do; if it has entered that new sphere through the din and excitement of battle, or fresh from the pain and weakness and delirium of days and weeks in hospitals; if it longs for the old faces and the old fellowship of the earthly home, and feels, as we may be sure it cannot but feel, the impact of the grief and sorrow of those who mourn its loss—surely the best thing one could do on this side, both for that soul and ourselves, would be to send through nothing but earnest prayers that it may rest in peace.

I say "It," but I ought to say "He" or "She" as the case may be.

Our dead are not gone far; they have only begun on the other side where they left off here. If they needed us before, they need us now, and we need them.

The body as the medium of communication is struck away, but that is all. Thought, feeling, memory, good-will, are all what they were before—perhaps even stronger, for the clog of the flesh is gone and the spiritual can go straighter to its mark.

If we can help one another by prayer while we are still on the physical plane, there is no reason, either in logic or the nature of things, why we should not continue to do so even more effectually when some of us have done with the body and passed out of sight.—Rev. J. R. Campbell.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The following are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Apply to Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "English Composition," Barrett Wendell; "Freedom of Life," Anna Payson Call; "Sermons," F. W. Robertson; "Addresses," Drummond; "Life of General Booth"; "Five Years in an English University"; "Imitation of Christ," à Kempis; "Biography of Swedenborg"; "Uncooked Foods"; "Prize Essay of the American Public Health Association"; "Records of William M. Hunt" (artist); "Channing and Aiken" (correspondence); "Introduction to Homer," Jebb; "Civil Government in the United States," John Fiske; "Life of Theodore Parker," Chadwick; "The Prelude" (poem), Wordsworth; "The Disciples" (poems), Hamilton King; "Sir Walter Raleigh" (a play), Cruso; "The Senses and the Will," Pryor.

The Omaha Branch offers the following books for the use of the Cheerful Letter Exchange. Address Miss Harriet E. Johnston, 4911 Chicago Street, Omaha, Nebraska: "The Middle Ages," Meyers; "First Year Latin," Collar & Daniell; "Child's History of England," Dickens; "Great Artists," Keyser (3 vols.); "To Have and to Hold," Johnson; "Our Lady of the Decoration," Little; "Story of Patsy," Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Weird Tales," Poe; "Vanity Fair," Thackeray; "Right of Way," Parker; "The Virginian," Wister; "David Harum," Westcott; "Quo Vadis," Sienkiewicz.

REQUESTS.

1. It has been some time since I wrote to *The Cheerful Letter*, and I wish to thank all who remembered me with good reading and magazines and in any way. I should be glad to receive any kind of pieces for patchwork; also a small Bible with large print. Address Mrs. Nannie Biggs, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, R. 1, Box 45.

2. I have received several letters from the *Cheerful Letter* friends, which I much appreciate. I should like to get some read-

ing-matter for brother and myself. Father is dead and mother is not able to buy us any books. I should like *The Youth's Companion*, or *The Sunday Magazine*. Address Miss Addie Hardin, Rutherford, North Carolina.

3. Miss Clidia Watson, Virgil, North Carolina, would like some reading-matter for herself and sisters and brothers. She is not an orphan, but her family is poor. She would like also to receive letters from girls.

4. Mrs. B. J. Hall, Elamsville, Virginia, asks for light reading for herself and something suitable for small children.

5. I am very anxious for the book "When a Man's a Man," by Harold Bell Wright; also for current numbers of *The Ladies' Home Journal* after it has been read. I love the *Journal*, but did not receive one copy last year. If you can, send Velma this year's *St. Nicholas* after it has been read, as she loves to read the *St. Nicholas*. I do hope you can send what I have asked for, as I have not asked for any reading for a long time. Do not forget me as I am now in my seventy-first year. And remember, as we live in the country and get very lonesome, what a good book will be to me! Address Mrs. Martha W. Guy, Germantown, Kentucky, R. 1, Box 5.

6. I am one, and the oldest, of a family of five children whose ages range from one year and a half to seventeen. We live fifteen miles from a large city,—Toledo, so we find it impossible to have good reading-matter in our home as we desire. My mother would enjoy reading, including history of the foreign wars. I should like reading that would help me in my high-school work. My father is a tenant farmer. Address Helen Minich, Monclova, Ohio.

7. Tennyson's poems are asked for by Mrs. Louise W. Cralle, Highlands, North Carolina.

8. I wish to thank all who have remembered me during the past year. I should appreciate any good book or magazine from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Address Mrs. Fannie Thompson, Tatum, Virginia.

9. I want to thank the friends through *The Cheerful Letter* for reading, etc., last year, and now ask for silk pieces, which I

will divide with a number of poor girls in my neighborhood. I should also like "Gleanings for Housewives." My husband's health continues very bad. He likes to read to pass his lonely hours, and he would like the *Life of McKinley*, of Lincoln, and of Christ. We will pass them along. Address Mrs. G. Lee Roberson, Elamsville, Virginia, Box 22.

10. *Munsey's* or *The Ladies' Home Journal* will be appreciated by Asenath Murphy, Chester Hill, Ohio.

11. *The Youth's Companion* is asked for by Mrs. J. E. Coffey, Sandidges, Virginia.

12. Will some one please send me something to read,—just anything that would interest young people? I am not young, but I read the same books the young people like. I get *The Youth's Companion* and one county paper; but there are a lot of us to read. My son, just married, requested me to introduce him and wife and ask for reading, for they would enjoy nearly any kind of books or papers. Their address is Mrs. P. E. Wann, Hawley, Jones County, Texas. I thank all who have remembered or may remember us. Address Mrs. Ada V. Wann, Waxahachie, Route 2, Texas.

13. Mrs. N. M. Carter, King's Creek, North Carolina, would enjoy any current magazine.

14. Since I last wrote to *The Cheerful Letter* I have changed my address from Athens, Tennessee, R. 1, to Dayton, Tennessee, Route 4, Box 73. I should like to hear from any of the Exchange members in any place, as I am not acquainted very well here and get lonely. I will answer all letters. I should like to receive "Broken Halo," Barclay; and "The Old Wives' Tales," Bennett. Address Miss Bettie Vaughan, Dayton, Tennessee, R. 4, Box 73.

15. Mrs. C. T. Lamb, Garland, North Carolina, will appreciate a good magazine.

16. Rev. R. G. L. Edwards has moved from Graham to Goldsboro, 304 Holly Street, North Carolina, a place where he can use books and magazines, as there are cotton-mill people who ask him for such reading, especially books. Mr. Edwards adds: "So please send me any amount of books and magazines. Your work is doing good, I am sure."

17. *The Ladies' Home Journal*, 1917, is asked for by Mrs. T. S. Beard, Phenix, Virginia, Box 25.

18. Miss Mitford, Quisenberry, West Main Street, Marion, Virginia, asks for current *World's Work*.

19. Mrs. Etha Carlton, Taylorsville, North Carolina, R.F.D. 5, Box 104, is mother of three boys and two girls, eldest eleven years, living on a farm six miles from a railroad. The big flood took all their crops and they have just lost a good cow. With all their bad luck they find it hard to get along and will be grateful for scraps for patchwork and books for the children.

20. The "Tale of Two Cities" is asked for by Miss Jennie Billingsley, Ligman, Virginia.

21. Will some one please send me the following books: "Life of Christ," "Second Coming of Christ," "Ben Hur," and a Bible? Should appreciate post-cards, also pieces of calico, woollen, and silk for patchwork. My little sister would like picture-books of any kind, also the "Little Brown Mouse," by Herbert Quincy. I have a sister, Mrs. J. J. Lackey, of Elamsville, Virginia; she would be very glad of reading. My address is Elsie Mae Thomas, Dodson, Virginia.

22. Mrs. John H. Huntress, Box 55, R. 2, Berwick, Maine, is anxious to receive any of the following books, which she will pass on to others when read: "Inside of the Cup," "Gates Ajar," "Stepping Heavenward," "Poe's Poetical Works," copies of *The Beacon*, and volume of sermons. They plan to have little services in which some good sermon is read, and a little Sunday-school during the day; then little exercises consisting of responses, prayer, quotations, reading, music, etc., two evenings each week. In the summer they try to hold some gatherings in groves. They would be very thankful for Sunday-school lessons.

23. *The Ladies' Home Journal* or *Delineator*, 1917, is asked for by Mrs. Odessa Wright, Dodson, Virginia.

24. Mrs. E. R. Abbitt, Appomattox, Virginia, wishes *Designer* or *Good Housekeeping*.

25. It has been a long time since I wrote to the Exchange, so now I will thank all the kind friends who have sent me reading for so long, and I come now to ask for reading

for a poor widow, Mrs. May Cunningham. She has five children aged from five to fifteen. She has to work so hard to keep the wolf from the door, and she would appreciate any good reading you can send her. Address Mrs. May Cunningham, Mannlain Park, Oklahoma. This from Mrs. Mary McFarland, same address.

26. "Dante" is asked for by Mrs. W. F. Galloway, Elon College, North Carolina.

27. It has been some time since I wrote to you asking for reading. I wish to thank my Cheerful Letter friends for reading sent me, and I hope to be remembered by them in the future. I should be pleased to receive an English grammar, a Self-Educator, *Good Housekeeping*, and any good reading. There are so many around me who are begging for reading, and I pass on all the reading I receive. Thanking you all, I am Mrs. Eva Collins, Blakely, Georgia.

28. Mrs. Hartley James, Box 3, New Gloucester, Maine, is a "shut-in" and will be grateful for any cheer.

29. "When a Man's a Man," by Harold Bell Wright, and "Told in a French Garden," by Mildred Aldrich, are asked for by Helen Lyon, Greenville, North Carolina, at the East Carolina Teachers Training School.

30. I am writing again to request "Uncle Remus" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for my brothers, and "St. Elmo" for myself. I have received two packages of magazines and was very glad of them. We haven't received any books except a Webster and a Worcester dictionary for my brother, which he was very glad of. Any books you may send will be appreciated by us. (Miss) Bertha Harper, Republican Grove, Virginia, R.F.D. 1.

31. Seeing one of your little *Cheerful Letters* I would be glad to join it, as I am a lone widow woman. I have to work for my living and am getting old and very weakly. Should be glad to get any book or paper and should like a Bible with large print. Should also be glad to correspond with some of the Cheerful Letter friends. For reference apply to the Postmaster at Elamsville, Virginia. I hope you all will remember a lonely woman. Address Mrs. Elizabeth McAlexander, Elamsville, Virginia.

32. I have been away from the school as to why your letter did not have immediate

attention. It is so kind of you to think of us and to be willing to help us along the line of books. I am enclosing a list of books that will help the school greatly. If there is any subject we lay stress upon it is the Bible, and if we had a Bible Dictionary it would mean much to us toward helping us to teach the Bible as it should be.

My husband and I began this work in 1899. He worked here unselfishly for eleven years without taking a vacation. In 1910 he was ill only five days, passed away, and the responsibility of carrying on the so-much-needed work fell upon me. I carried it on successfully and kept out of debt until the war came on; then it was impossible to stay out of debt, as a number of our donors were poor people and could not give anything after everything advanced in prices. Feeling my strength failing me, I asked the trustees to get a principal, but it will be some time before he can raise sufficient means to run the school, so I am writing many friends asking them to aid us a little at this much-needed time. Our teachers' salaries are small, and when we can pay them at the end of the month it makes me so happy. We were not able to pay them for December, but I am praying that friends will send us funds that we may be able to pay them. We are a far distance from the North where the good people open their purses and make it possible for such school as ours to exist, and it makes it very hard for us.

We have so many boys and girls down here who are very anxious for an education but are not able to attend any school at all. Would that you could see some of the letters we get asking us to let them come here and work for their education or trade! As groceries are so high it is impossible for us to take all who would like to come as work students.

At times I have felt that we would have to close the doors of hope and opportunity in the face of our boys and girls who are so much in need of an industrial education, and when I think of Mr. Calhoun's last words as they were taking him out of the house to carry him to the hospital, "Do all you can for the school," it would be very grievous to me to have to close the doors to them. The following books are desired: Poems of Phillis Wheatley; Poems of Paul L. Dunbar; Works of Negro authors; "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; Works of Joel Chandler Harris; Books containing recitations suitable for all grades; "Silas Marner"; "Lorna Doone"; "The Sketch Book"; Biographical works of noted men; Works of Coleridge and Lowell; Bible Dictionary; "Social Duties,"

Henderson. Address Mrs. M. C. Calhoun, Robert Hungerford Normal and Industrial School, Eatonville, Florida.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. N. B. Cobb from Kerr, North Carolina, to Garland, North Carolina.

Mrs. Mary E. Mundy from Barbourville to Somerset, Virginia.

Miss Odessa Robinson is now Mrs. Odessa Wright, Dodson, Virginia.

NOTICE.

The Book Club secretary again calls attention to the notice that no contributions will be accepted unless written in ink and on one side of the paper only. Over twenty this month were in pencil.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

While traveling in Europe with a family of friends, the following incident occurred: They had one little girl, five years old, an imaginative child somewhat impetuous and excitable. We were out taking a railway journey and had a railway carriage to ourselves.

Lola had put her doll to sleep and laid her upon one of the cushions of the seats for a bed, to take her morning nap. Lola's nursery maid, not understanding that the doll's staring eyes were supposed to be closed in slumber, took her up in her hands, to make room for herself; Lola instantly flew at her and slapped her two or three times, not hard, but still they were blows from her little hands. Her mother turned to me and said, "Did you see that exhibition of temper?" She was greatly shocked, and she spoke quite severely to Lola. I remember one thing she said was, "You slapped Sarah, and I should not think you would expect her to do anything for you." Her father, a stern disciplinarian, was more severe still, and threatened the child with dire punishment as soon as they should reach the place where they were to spend the night. Her mother had sense enough, however, to beg her off from this. It would have been real cruelty, as it would have involved the fear for hours of the suffering to come later.

After she had gone to bed, however, I heard the mother talking to her. One would have thought the child of five was a hardened criminal the way the outburst of temper was denounced. I remember that she said, "Sometimes I think I ought to

give you very severe punishment for these outbreaks of temper." Lola replied, "Mamma, I do try very hard sometimes."

What should or might have been done to cure Lola of this fault? Was it right, or not, to take it the way her mother did? And what more effective way might have been found?

I shall be glad to receive notes on this subject from any mothers who have had experience in dealing with children of this type.—*The Editor.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

APRIL.

"Good-morning!"

"Ah, good-morning. How are you?"

I was on what I suppose is habitually the most crowded sidewalk in Boston, where men in haste are always to be seen betaking themselves to the street as the only means of making headway. A hand was laid on my shoulder. A business man, one of the busiest, I should think he must be, had come up behind me. He was looking happy. Yes, he said, he was very well. "And yesterday," he continued, "I had a great pleasure. I saw my first fox-colored sparrow, and heard him sing."

No wonder his face shone. His condition was enviable. The fox sparrow is a noble bird, with a most musical voice, the prince of all sparrows. To hear him for the first time—if one does hear him—is a real event. A man might well walk a crowded city sidewalk the next day and smile to himself at the memory of such high fortune.

After all, happiness is a good thing. Not so desirable, perhaps, as a great office, or a mint of money, but a pretty good thing, nevertheless. It is encouraging, in these days of far-sought pleasures and prodigal expense, to see men get it at a low rate and on innocent terms.

For myself, I think I have never known fox sparrows more plentiful than for the past week. From our human point of view their present migration has been eminently favorable; from the bird's point of view it has probably been in the highest degree unfavorable, the prolonged spell of cloudy and rainy weather having made night flights difficult, not to say impossible. The travellers have been obliged to stay where the storm had caught them, and we, at this intermediate station, have profited by their misfortune.

On the 7th I stood in the midst of as fine a flock as a man could wish to see. A thick

cloud enveloped us; we might have been on a mountain-top; but for the minute it had ceased raining, and the birds were in a lively mood. Sometimes as many as five or six were singing together, while a chorus of snowbirds trilled the prettiest of accompaniments; a concert worthy of Easter or any other festival.

One kingfisher I have seen, shooting through the misty air far aloft, his long wings making him look at that height like some seabird or wader. I remember when the sight—not uncommon in spring—was to me an insoluble mystery. As for calling the bird a kingfisher, such a thought never occurred to me. I knew the kingfisher well enough, or imagined that I did, but not at that altitude and flying in that strong, purposeful manner. Yet even at such times he commonly sounds his rattle before him, as if he wished his identity and his whereabouts to be known.

I have also seen a single marsh hawk. I had stopped to look down from a wooded hilltop into a swampy pool, where ducks sometimes alight, when I saw a white object moving rapidly along the farther side of the swamp, now visible, now hidden behind a veil of trees and shrubbery. A road run along that border of the swamp, and I took this moving white object for a bundle which a boy was carrying upon a bicycle (making pretty quick time), till suddenly I perceived that it was only a marsh hawk's rump! A red wing had given chase to the hawk—mostly for sport, I imagine, or just to keep his hand in; for I do not suppose he could have had any real grudge to settle. Probably this is the first case on record in which a hawk was ever mistaken for a wheelman.

Two evenings ago I made a solitary excursion to an extensive swamp and meadow. For a time robins and song-sparrows made music more or less remote, and an unseen fox sparrow, nearer at hand, amused me with an excellent imitation of the brown thrasher's smacking kiss. Then, as it grew really dark, I relinquished the hunt and started homeward. And then the real music began; for as I approached the highway I heard the whistle of a woodcock, and presently discovered that, for the first time in my life, I was walking through what might be called a veritable woodcock concert. Once three birds were vocal together; once was "bleating" on the right, another on the left, while a third was at the very height of his ecstasy overhead. For a mile or more I walked under a shower of this incomparable, indescribable music. It dropped into my ears like rain from heaven.

One bird was calling just over the roadside wall. I stole nearer and nearer, taking a few cautious steps after each bleat, till finally I could hear the water dropping into the hogshead. I wonder how many readers will know what I mean by that. After each call, as a kind of pendant to it, there comes, if you are very, very close, a curious small sound, exactly as if a drop of water (the comparison is not mine) had fallen into the hogshead already half full. I had not heard it for years. In fact, I had forgotten it, and heard it now for the first few times without recollecting what it was.

Then the bird rose and went skyward in broad circles, till he was at the top of his flight, and when he descended he came to earth on the other side of the road, a good distance away. He had seen me, I suppose, with those big bull's-eyes of his, which do so much to heighten the oddity of his personal appearance.

He was the last of his kind. For the rest of my walk I heard no music except the sweet whistling of hylas here and there, and once, in a woodland pool, the grating chorus of a set of wood frogs.—*The Clerk of the Woods* (Bradford Torrey).

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

It was glorious out in the country. It was summer, and the cornfields were yellow, and the oats were green; the hay had been put up in stacks in the green meadows, and the pork went about on his long red legs, and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his good mother. All round the fields and meadows were great forests, and in the midst of these forests lay deep lakes. Yes, it was really glorious out in the country. In the midst of the sunshine here lay an old farm, surrounded by deep canals; and from the wall down to the water grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the loftiest of them. It was just as wild there as in the deepest wood. Here sat a duck upon her nest, for she had to hatch her young ones; but she was almost tired out before the little ones came; and then she so seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked better to swim about in the canals than to run up to sit under a burdock, and cackle with her.

At last, one egg-shell after another burst open. "Piep! piep!" it cried, and in all the eggs there were little creatures that stuck out their heads.

"Rap, rap!" they said; and they all came rapping out as fast as they could, looking all round them under the green leaves; and the mother let them look as much as they chose, for green is good for the eyes. "How wide the world is!" said the young ones, for they certainly had much more room now than when they were in the eggs.

"Do you think this is all the world?" asked the mother. "That extends far across the other side of the garden, quite into the parson's field, but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together," she continued, and stood up. "No, I have not all. The largest egg still lies there. How long is that to last? I am really tired of it." And she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old duck, who had come up to pay her a visit.

"It lasts a long time with that one egg!" said the duck, who sat there. "It will not burst. Now, only look at the others; are they not the prettiest ducks one could possibly see? They are all like their father; the bad fellow never comes to see me."

"Let me see the egg which will not burst!" said the visitor. "Believe me, it is a turkey's egg! I was once cheated in that way, and had much anxiety and trouble with the young ones, for they are afraid of the water. I could not get them to venture in. I quacked and clucked, but it was no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that's a turkey's egg! Let it lie there, and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the duck. "I've sat so long now that I can sit a few days more."

"Just as you please," said the old duck; and she went away.

At last the great egg burst. "Piep! piep!" said the little one, and crept forth. It was very large, and ugly. The duck looked at it. "It is a very large duckling," said she; "none of the others looks like that: can it really be a turkey chick? Now we shall soon find out. It must go into the water, even if I have to thrust it in myself."

The next day the weather was splendidly bright, and the sun shone on all the green trees. The mother duck went down to the water with all her little ones. Splash, she jumped into the water. "Quack, quack!" she said, and one duckling after another plunged in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up in an instant, and swam capitably; their legs went of themselves, and there they were all in the water. The ugly gray duckling swam with them.

"No, it's not a turkey," said she; "look how well it can use its legs, and how upright

it holds itself. It is my own child! On the whole, it's quite pretty, if one looks at it rightly. Quack! quack! come with me, and I'll lead you out into the great world, and present you in the poultry-yard; but keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you, and take care of the cats!"

And so they came into the poultry-yard. There was a terrible riot going on in there; for two families were quarrelling about an eel's head, and the cat got it after all.

"See, that's how it goes in the world!" said the mother duck; and she whetted her beak, for she, too, wanted the eel's head. "Only use your legs," she said. "See that you can bustle about, and bow your heads before the old duck yonder. She's the grandest of all here; and do you see, she has a red rag round her leg; that's something a duck can enjoy; it signifies that one does not want to lose her, and that she's to be recognized by man and beast! Shake yourselves—don't turn in your toes; a well-brought-up duck turns its toes quite out, just like father and mother, so! Now bend your necks and say, 'Rap!'"

And they did so; but the other ducks round about looked at them, and said quite boldly, "Look there! now we're to have these hanging on, as if there were not enough of us already! And life! how that duckling yonder looks; we won't stand that!" and one duck flew up immediately, and bit it in the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother; "it does no harm to any one."

"Yes, but it's too large and peculiar," said the duck who had bitten it; "and therefore it must be buffeted."

"Those are pretty children that the mother has there," said the old duck with the rag round her leg. "They're all pretty but that one; that was a failure; I wish she could alter it."

"That cannot be done, my lady," replied the mother duck. "It is not pretty, but it has a really good disposition, and swims as well as any other; I may say it swims better; I think it will grow up pretty, and become smaller in time; it has lain too long in the egg, and therefore is not properly shaped!" And then she pinched it in the neck, and smoothed its feathers. "Moreover, it is a drake," she said, "and therefore it is not of so much consequence. I think he will be very strong; he makes his way already."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old duck; "make yourself at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

And now they were at home. But the poor duckling, which had crept last out of

the egg, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and jeered, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

"It's too big!" they all said; and the turkey-cock who had been born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an emperor, blew himself up like a ship in full sail, and bore straight down upon it; then he gobbled, and grew quite red in the face. The poor duckling did not know where it should stand or walk; it was quite melancholy because it looked ugly, and was scoffed at by the whole yard.

So it went on the first day; and afterwards it became worse and worse. The poor duckling was hunted about by every one; even its brothers and sisters were quite angry with it, and said, "If the cat would only catch you, you ugly creature!" and the mother said, "If you were only far away!" And the ducks bit it, and the chickens beat it, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at it with her foot.

Then it ran and flew over the fence; the little birds in the bushes flew up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the duckling; and it shut its eyes, but flew on farther; thus it came out into the great moor, where the wild ducks lived. Here it lay the whole night long; and it was weary and downcast.

Towards morning the wild ducks flew up, and looked at their new companion. "What sort of a one are you?" they asked; and the duckling turned in every direction, and bowed as well as it could. "You are remarkably ugly!" said the wild ducks. "But that is very indifferent to us, so long as you do not marry into our family."

Poor thing! it certainly did not think of marrying, and only hoped to obtain leave to lie among the reeds and drink some of the swamp-water.

Thus it lay two whole days; then came thither two wild geese, or, properly speaking, two wild ganders. It was not long since each had crept out of an egg, and that's why they were so saucy.

"Listen, comrade," said one of them. "You're so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us, and become a bird of passage? Near here, in another moor, there are a few sweet lovely wild geese, all unmarried, and all able to say, 'Rap!' You've a chance of making your fortune, ugly as you are!"

"Piff! paff!" sounded through the air; and the two ganders fell down dead in the swamp, and the water became blood-red. "Piff! paff!" it sounded again; and whole flocks of wild geese rose up from the reeds.

It lay quite quiet, while the shots rattled through the reeds, and gun after gun was fired. At last, late in the day, silence was restored; but the poor duckling did not dare to rise up; it waited several hours before it looked round, and then hastened away out of the moor as fast as it could.

Towards evening the duck came to a little miserable peasant's hut.—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

(To be continued.)

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

1. So as paper.
2. Ma, rub Fio.
3. O Ben, skin pa A.
4. Larry Boon waked pig.
5. Of mine dolls.
6. Amos face texture for B., R.
7. Ecce lion's toil, R.
8. O. Cims stole nuts.
9. Accuruit.
10. Rob, clad, touches cook.
11. O cup, shun kiss.
12. O calico men, there.
13. Him? No, tardy Peter M., W.
14. Stick Lill Roice.
15. Sir, A coat.
16. Karl, I'd live in sap.
17. Ay, Chester, drink fib.
18. O save, O snip.
19. Maker, do a sack.
20. Ha. Regal pith.

—*Good Housekeeping.*

II.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Warred Through South.
2. Patriot Honored.
3. Heartily Detested Trifles.
4. Joyful Orator.
5. Justified Great Works.

III.

SOBRIQUETS.

Who were known by the following?

1. Farmer George.
2. The Knight "Without Fear and without Reproach."
3. Currer Bell.
4. Old Rough and Ready.
5. Good Queen Bess.

IV.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In boy, but not in girl.
In ice, but not in water.
In salt, but not in pepper.
In mud, but not in dirt.
In wall, but not in floor.
In rain, but not in snow.
In cow, but not in horse.
In kite, but not in top.

My whole is the name of a person born in April.

V.

TWISTED TREES.

- | | |
|-----------|--------------|
| 1. Chpae. | 6. Irf. |
| 2. Erpa. | 7. Niep. |
| 3. Koa. | 8. Prsuec. |
| 4. Lme. | 9. Amtakrac. |
| 5. Pemal. | 10. Papel. |

—*The Beacon.*

Answers to puzzles in the March number.

I. ACROSTIC.—

B A L F O U R
H O U S T O N
B A N B U R Y
A M A H I O N
B A S S E I N
B A C C H U S
L U C I F E R

II. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—
Madison, Jackson.

III. DOUBLE-POINT PUZZLE.—Reading across: 1. C. 2. Pal. 3. Cadet. 4. Harmonious. 5. Noose. 6. Bat. 7. N. Downward: 1. H. 2. An. 3. Rob. 4. Moan. 5. Cost. 6. Pane. 7. Cadi. 8. Leo. 9. Tu(ne). 10. S.

IV. WELL-KNOWN STATESMEN.

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. Wilson. | 6. Borah. |
| 2. Taft. | 7. Cummings. |
| 3. Hughes. | 8. Lansing. |
| 4. McCall. | 9. Lodge. |
| 5. Clark. | 10. Burton. |

V. MIXED WORD SQUARE.—1. Cave. 2. Aged. 3. Vend. 4. Eddy.

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OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

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The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests:—

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